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"You were asking me some questions about Australia. I can tell you all about it," said the old man, who had been so wise to him. "And I have read all the books about it, too, it happens."

Santa heightened up.

"I am glad," he said, pouring out a flood of answers, by a great historic effort to recall the facts and relations of those really interesting facts and anecdotes about this marvelous land.

Then, in the middle of a narrative which described both his bearings, he suddenly stopped, and, putting on a fictional look of dismay

"I have started up with many excuses and went time after time—however, till Santa had made me promise to come again next market-day."

As he rode home in the moonlight, he allowed to himself: "I shall be always indebted to her! I can bring myself to ask about that detestable country. Well, she is not so terrible to me as I thought. I shall not be obliged to do without meat; that at least shall be the beginning; the middle shall all be different; the end shall be just the opposite. The sea is between him and her."

Twice a week he called on the Mertons. So much of his talk was Australia. So was grateful. To hear of the place where George would soon be was the nearest approach she could make to hearing of him.

As for Meadows he gained a great point, that he would through tortures on the way, could not hide from himself any time he was so welcome, and many a time he has said to himself, "Mertons he resolved to return there."

As Achilles was a man of steel, but he had his vulnerable part, and from nature like an Meadows have often one spot in their

neral dove-eyed, and weaker than the
nipovent. He never spoke a word of
to Susan, he knew it would spoil all;
she, occupied with another's image,
I looking upon herself as confessedly
onging to another, never suspecting the
ep passion that filled the man's heart.
it an observer of nature had accom-
panied John Meadows on market-day he
ight have seen—diagnostics.

"Dear heart," said Susan to her father,
who would have thought Mr. Meadows
ould come a mile out of his way twice a
eek to talk to me about George—and the
ountry where my heart is—and the

The folks are envious of him, girl, that

and, and temptations for the lazy ones; as a good friend of mine, Susan; if I wanted to borrow a thousand pounds, I could only let dear Susan know; he has more than half a dozen tens."

"We don't want my money, father," replied Susan, "nor anybody's, but I think a man ought to be able to get on without it. If I think him to be some home—if he comes home to Susan again," she said, "I will be glad to see him. I use last words for many years with my father. My father pretended not to notice, for he was angry with me, but I know he was not. My father's lighter tears. They were always flow-
ing at the least word," and she used to say so good-humored and cheerful like a child. "I was not angry," she said. "If one had said to her, 'To-morrow you will be married,' she would have smiled on her own count, and only sighed at the pain the thought of leaving her dear father. My father was gone, her mother had been two years. Her life, which had been full of innocent pleasures, was now full of innocent sorrows. In her hours of leisure she would sit in her chair and think when sorrow came like a flood."

It happened one day, while Susan was sitting at her father's side, that her father said, "I may say, daughter, that I have never been so happy as I am now. I told her a gentleman was on his horse the other, and wanted to see Mr. Meroux. Father is at market, Jane."

"We're at home,"

"What have I to do with father's?"

"Miss," replied Jane, mysteriously, "I am pious; and you are so of them. It did not think to let him go away without the company of his wife, and he has a face—in his eyes, you never saw such a face."

"A silly girl, what have I to do with handsome men?"

"That is not handsome, miss, not in least, only he is beautiful. You go see him."

"Strange! faces, but I will go to see him," said Jane, as she left in a clean dress.

"I will just go up stairs."

"Lis, miss, what for? you are always late, you are nobody ever catches you in the street."

"I'll just smooth my hair."

"Lis, miss, what for? it is as smooth as hair, it always is."

"Where is he, Jane?"

"In the front parlor."

"The worst upstairs; a girl must go up and look at herself in the glass, if she did things more, before."

human entered the parlor; she came in so gently that she had a moment to observe her visitor before he saw her. He recognized himself with his back to the street, and was devouring a stupid book on the subject of the "Mystery of the Babel Tower," which he had borrowed from the library that belonged to her father. At that moment she opened the door he saw her, and arose from his seat. "Miss Mer-

"Yes, sir."

"The living of this place has been vacant more than a month."

"Yes, sir."

It will not be filled up for three months

(continued on Fourth Page.)

"So we hear, sir."

"Mentioning you have no church to go to means that you are a Quaker, which is a chapel-house to this place, but two miles distant."

"Two miles and a half, sir."

"So, then, the people here have no dissenting place, and you are a Quaker?"

"No, sir, not for the present," said Susan, meekly.

"Nor any servant of God to say a word of prayer, or for charity to the rich, of eternal hopes to the poor, and" (here his voice sunk into sudden tenderness) "of comfort to the sorrowful."

Susan raised her eyes and looked him over and over as he spoke, then instantly lowered them.

"No, sir, we are under a cloud here," said Susan, sadly.

"I have undertaken the duty here until the living shall be filled up, but you shall understand that I live three miles off, and have other duties, and I can only ride over here on Saturday afternoon and on Sunday at noon."

"Oh, sir," cried Susan, "half a loaf is better than no bread! The parish will bless you, sir, and not only that, but I will reward you for coming so far to visit me."

Her companion smiled, but it was with benevolence, not with gratification.

"Let me see your watch," said he.

"The watch of the principal people in the village. He can assist me or thwart me in my work. I will never thwart his co-operation."

"Your father will call to invite you, sir, and I will co-operate with you, sir, if you will accept of me," said Susan, innocently.

"Thank you. You then let us begin at once." He took out his watch. "Then I must gallop back to Oxford. Suppose we go to the school and see what the children are learning; and then visit one or two families."

"I have a letter from a dear little glimpse of the three generations I have created with my name in Francis Eden. You are going to get your bonnet?"

"Yes, sir."

"They passed out through the garden, and when they reached the school Mr. Eden sat down and examined the little boys and girls. Susan and Mr. Eden, sitting beside the organ, will be at their ignorance, though Susan. But Mr. Eden, instead of putting on an awful look, made himself young to meet them; their fears. He spoke to them in very simple words and childish idioms, and told them a pretty story, which interested them mightily. Having seen that the children were not so ignorant as he put questions arising fairly out of his story, and so fashioned the moral sense and the intelligence of more than one. In short, he drew the best of them out."

Susan stood by, at first startled at the line he took, then observant, then approving. Presently he turned to her.

"And which is your class, Miss Morton?"

"I take these little girls when I come, sir."

"Miss Morton has not been here this fortnight, and I cannot be teacher. "What will this good man think of me now? thought poor Susan."

To her great relief, the good man took to his watch, and the observation, he looked at the organ.

"Now, Miss Morton, if I am not giving you too much trouble, and they left the school."

"You wish to see some of the folks in the village, sir?"

"Yes."

"Wouldn't I like to take you first, sir?" Susan looked puzzled.

Mr. Eden stumped dead short.

"Come, good sir, with a radiant smile, and I will go to school. I'll forgive you if you guess wrong."

"To the poorest, Mr. Eden."

"Bravely she has guessed!" cried the Reverend father of the family, for he had heard how many anxious she should answer him that had herself. "Here's a cottage."

"Yes, sir. I was going to take you into this cottage, sir, please."

They found in the cottage a rheumatic old man, one full of his own complaints. Mr. Eden heard these with patient sympathy, and, as a north of child sympathy and benevolence, he said quietly, "And now for the other side: now tell me what you would be grateful for."

The old man was taken aback, and his dignity deserted him. On the question he replied, he began to say that he had many mercies to be thankful for. Then he higgled, and hammers, and fumbled for the words, and like a trumpet, he began to speak in phrases conventional and derived from tracts and sermons, whereas, his statement of grievances had been so idiomatic.

"There, that will do," said Mr. Eden, "and I have nothing you don't feel; what is the use? May I ask you a few questions?" added he, courteously, then, with out waiting for permission, he laid aside his hat, and he fished up all the pearls—the more remarkable passages.

Many years ago this old man had been a soldier, had fought in more than one great battle, had retreated with a trumpet, and he had been a captain of the 60th of the battered and weary, but invincible band, who wheeled around and attacked the pursues on 'at bloody and glorious day.' He told this story with a fire and glow, and another man, he forgot his chivalry, and even his age came. Twice he suddenly stood upright as a dart on the floor, and gave the name of the battle, and like a trumpet, he gave his captain's name, and his black coat flashed and his eye glittered with the glow of battle. Then when his heart was warm, and his spirits attractive, he would say, "I was a first lieutenant of the 60th. But even then he did not bully the man into being a Christian; gently, firmly, and with a winning modesty, he said, "I told you a few words, and I will tell you all the 70th of us. Is it not a very good story we cut out of your wild and dis-

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